

:-: A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-:

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

In Memory—Then and Now

By MOLLIE McMASTER
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VIOLET NASH tied on her big drooping summer hat and stood before her mother.

"I am going to walk out to the little old cemetery on the edge of the village, mother. Do you mind?"

The mother's eyes filled quickly with tears. She knew why the girl was going; she knew, too, that her daughter's heart was as full as her own on this the first Memorial day since their son and brother had been lost on the battlefields of Europe.

Violet smiled through the tears that had lodged their way into her eyes. "I won't be long, dear, and I'm taking a basket of our lovely lilacs and snowballs." She kissed her mother and walked down the gravel path to the gate and out along the country road to the cemetery that had been a landmark long before Violet and her mother had come to Marionville, Iowa, from their home in England.

John Nash, the son and brother, had answered the call of his country and had gone to battle. He had never returned and only the news of his brave death had come to the family.

Today, when flags were at half mast for the heroes of other wars, Violet felt that she must go somewhere, do something, in memory of her dear brother. The only thing that seemed to be possible would be to take flowers to the grave of some other soldier and place them there in memory of her brother.

She wandered about among the crowds in the little cemetery. Some family parties sat about under the drooping willow trees or leaned against the splendid cedars, and picnicked after the fashion of country folk on Decoration day. But Violet could not take on the holiday spirit, and she wandered to the outskirts of the burying ground.

On an old stone, gray and weather-stained, she read the name of "John James Evans." Here was a man named John, as had been her brother. The inscription told her that the man died a hero in the civil war, and the iron guard of the G. A. R. with its flag flying in the soft May breeze had drawn her toward the spot. But no flowers had been placed on the grassy mound. Perhaps the soldier's family and comrades were all gone, and the flag had been placed there by a committee appointed to decorate all army graves.

Violet knelt down and began to arrange clusters of white and purple lilacs near the headstone. She dropped many a tear as she worked, for the image of her brother was always before her, and she wondered as she reverently placed each flower who would be the same for him. Tears finally streamed down her cheeks and she sat down upon the grass and tried to control her emotion.

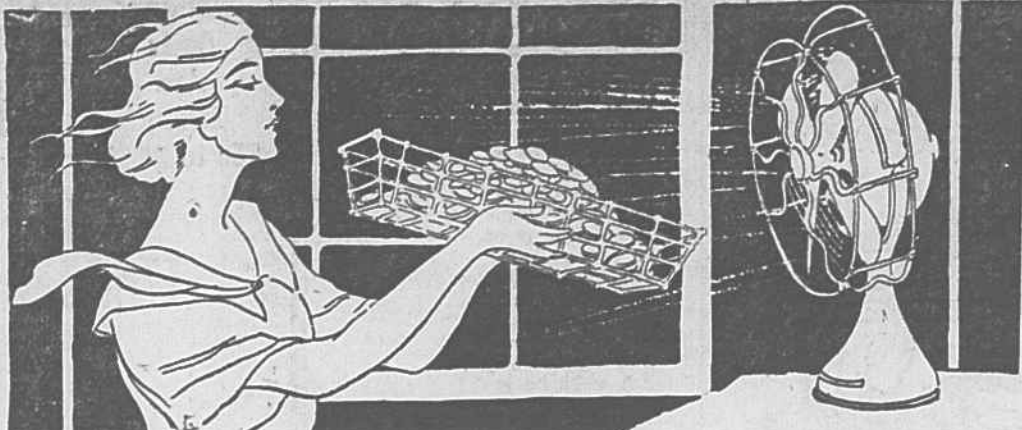
When she looked up a man stood beside her. He held a pot of flowers, old-fashioned blooms. He was looking at the flowers on the grave.

"Did you do that?" he asked Violet.

Violet nodded.

"John James Evans was my grandfather," he said. "I come every year."

IT'S EASY TO DRY AND CAN, USING MODERN METHODS!



By BIDDY BYE

Wake up, Madame Housekeeper. There's a tin can famine in the land. You never use tin cans, you say? Still you should worry because the price of glass cans is at least 25 per cent. more than last year.

So you cannot can as your patriot-ism prompts you, but if you refuse to be classed a kitchen slacker, you can find an equally good way of keeping fruits and vegetables through the winter.

You can help conserve the nation's food supply by going back to the way grandmother did before canning was invented.

It has been discovered that moisture

is necessary to develop the bacteria, molds and yeasts which cause food to decay, and that when the water content of a food is reduced below 25 to 30 per cent, the harmful micro-organisms cannot develop.

Grandmother did a great many things successfully without knowing why her work was so good. She set trays of sweet corn or strings of sliced apples on the porch roof and let the sun do the rest. Or if it rained, she moved the corn to the top of the kitchen stove, or strung the apples above the great fireplace.

Both of these ancient processes are still good, but the modern housewife who owns an electric fan has a grand-new, speedy and inexpensive method

of evaporating fruits and vegetables. The electric fan will dry sliced vegetables over night. There are also small commercial driers which will fit over any stove top and dry several pounds of material in 24 hours.

It is necessary to keep the product beneath a wire screen or mosquito netting to protect it from flies except when an electric fan is used as a drier.

Containers need cost very little. If the desirable new paper boxes are not to be had, clean muslin bags, and paper bags may be used. Tin biscuit boxes and coffee can should be saved to hold certain evaporated foods like sweet corn.

HEALTH HINTS

War conditions will make industrial hazards greater unless every possible step is taken to safeguard the health of the munitions worker. There are between 3,500,000 and 4,000,000 persons engaged in the production of war materials. Some of these are exposed to highly poisonous dusts. Ventilation provisions are particularly important in these industries. Adequate washing facilities and lunch rooms are also indispensable.

Shower baths in factories help protect against these poisons. So do separate lunch rooms, as otherwise the workmen may take some of the poison into their systems while eating their noon-day lunch in the dust of the factory.

Baths also promote personal hygiene, stimulate the body and aid in the elimination of fatigue products after a hard day's work, or exposure to heat.

Lights in the factory must be distributed so as to prevent glare, especially when there is pressing need of raising the output of the individual worker and night work is more frequent.

The hours of work must be so that the worker can return completely rested from his previous day's fatigue. In the case of men engaged in heavy labor the hours cannot exceed 56 weeks without causing fatigue accumulation, according to a report of a British commission. The commission also found that at least one day's rest in seven was necessary.

Trinket Coffee. A popular coffee at a popular price.—Adv't.

MARRIAGE EASIER FOR "PICTURE BRIDES"



Notice the happy smiles on the faces of the dainty "picture brides" above. It's easier for them to get married now, so why shouldn't they smile?

The little women from the Mikado's realm arriving in this country on errands of matrimony no longer have to go through the American marriage ceremony. Since May 1 the United States government has been recog-

nizing the Japanese form as sufficient legal bond.

The bride must have the photograph of the husband she never saw and identify him at Angel island immigration station, near San Francisco, before she can land. Hubby-to-be must also prove that she is the only woman in the world for him and satis-

fy officials that he can make enough money to support her comfortably.

Even this formality causes quite a romantic flurry at the station, which looks almost like an Oriental tea garden as the little brides in brilliant silken kimonos flutter like butterflies on their business of finding the "man in the picture."

EAST SIDE NEWS :-:

T. A. S.
The members of the T. A. S. club will have an outing and picnic dinner at the grove at Pleasant Valley Thursday morning. The members are requested to bring their lunch and meet at the home of Mrs. Cora Morrow in State street and all go out together. Mrs. Neva Vangilder who lives near the grove, will entertain the club in the afternoon.

Aid Society.
The Aid Society of the Diamond Street M. E. church will meet Thursday evening at eight o'clock at the home of Mrs. Cora Morrow on State street. There is important business to be transacted at this meeting and each member is requested to be present.

Sewing Circle.
The Hope Sewing Circle will meet Friday evening at the home of Miss Martha Swisher on Maple avenue.

W. C. T. U.
A very interesting mothers' meeting was held at the home of Mrs. John Kiser in Maryland avenue yesterday afternoon. The next meeting will take place at the home of Mrs. A. B. Sisley on Guffey street.

Personals.
Miss Laura Hina, of Columbus, O. is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. G. Cunningham, on Guffey street.
Miss Inez Workman, of Buckhannon, has been visiting friends on the East Side for a couple of days.
Miss Pearl Mason, of Grafton, is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Charles Meredith, on Morgantown avenue.

PHAROAH'S RUN.

Joseph Straight has measles. Mrs. Icia Robertson took dinner at Isaac Coogles' Monday.

Miss Myrtle Hoult spent Saturday evening with Mrs. S. R. Rice.

Miss Hazel Floyd and Rasta Straight motored to Rivesville one evening last week.

Miss Marjorie Rice, of Parker run, was at S. R. Rice's one evening last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Minor Fisher entertained on Monday evening Lelah Straight, Emma Rice, Carl Williams, Russell Smith, David and Arthur Hoult. A very delightful evening was spent, and refreshments were served consisting of candy, strawberries and cream.

There was a memorial service held at Oaklawn cemetery on Sunday of last week in memory of Mr. Johnson, a well known man of this and nearby vicinities.

Russell Smith and Lute Smith have been working at Lonnie Smith's. Mrs. McMellen, of Indian creek, visited her husband, who is a driller at the Smith well, Friday evening.

Mrs. Rachel Kouchner and George Rice were visiting at Mrs. Kouchner's home at Clarksburg over Sunday.

Charlie Smith and children entertained Saturday evening of last week in honor of Mrs. Smith's birthday. Sev-

DAINTY GOWN



By BETTY BROWN.

NEW YORK, June 27.—The day of the popular old reliable dollar gown is passing. Today one finds the \$2 gown in the shops, with occasional special assortments at \$1.50.

Whatever the price, the sleeveless effect is considered extremely smart as a gown idea. If not entirely sleeveless, the shoulder is finished with a sleeve frill or a short cap.

eral were present and an enjoyable evening was spent and dainty refreshments were served.

Misses Mary and Carabel Straight, of Bellview, visited at Jackson Straight's Sunday.

Miss Hazel Floyd and Lillie Rice, of Fairmont, Ollie Williams, of Grafton, and Garnett Summers, of Catawba, spent Sunday with Elsie and Emma Rice.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Howell, of Indian creek, were visitors at Lonnie Smith's Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Rice were at Andrew Valentine's Sunday.

Clarence Smith entertained on Saturday evening honoring Mrs. Smith's birthday. An enjoyable evening was spent.

Ocal Williams, of Lowesville, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Williams, recently.

Georgia Baker, of Fairmont, visited her mother, Mrs. Lizzie Baker, Sunday week.

H. D. Smith visited at James Wilson's recently.

Miss Emma Rice was a week-end visitor with relatives in Fairmont recently.

Ed Musgrave was at Jack Straight's Sunday evening.

Miss Lelah Straight and Doll Dalton were visiting relatives at Morgantown recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Zellin Robertson and

daughter, Miss Beulah, of Indiana, have been visiting relatives here and several affairs have been held in their honor. They were the honor guests at a dinner given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Coogles Sunday. Several were present. They were also entertained by Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Musgrave and family and Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Coogles.

Rasta Straight has purchased an auto.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Keefover received announcements recently of the marriage of their foster daughter, Miss Mabel Jackson, to Guy Wilson, of Clarksburg. The ceremony was solemnized at Clarksburg where they will reside.

B. S. Musgrave spent a few days with Ephraim Musgrave of Georgetown.

Little Miss Virginia Devault is staying with Mrs. Lavina Keefover.

Mr. Simpson and Miss Eddy, of Indian creek, were recent visitors at Mr. Fleming's.

Mrs. Belle Rice, of Parker run, visited at S. R. Rice's over Sunday.

Smith Devault, of Fairmont, spent Sunday with his grandfather, H. D. Smith.

Oliver Rice, of Fairmont, visited friends here Sunday.

Ollie Williams, of Grafton, spent Saturday evening with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Williams.

Rev. Yeak, of Rivesville, was at S. R. Rice's Sunday evening.

There will be an all day meeting and basket dinner at the Methodist church here the fourth Sunday in July. Welcome all.

HENRY FORD BEFRIENDS BOY.

BLUEFIELD, W. Va., June 27.—

Through the generosity of Henry Ford, 6-year-old John Marsh, of this city, left a cripple by infantile paralysis, and who was deserted by his parents when he was 2 years old, is now on his way to full recovery and will soon be healthful and strong and able to play and romp with other boys.

Church people took up the lad's case and appealed to Ford, who told them to have the boy taken to Dr. Fredricks, of Cincinnati, at his expense. Braces have been fitted to the boy, and it is expected that he will have fully recovered within a year.

Set of Teeth \$8

GUARANTEED 10 YEARS



Crown and bridge work, \$8.00.

Tooth fillings, 50c and up.

Examinations and estimates FREE.

Dental methods have totally changed in the last few years and to get the best of dentistry, consult a dentist who is practicing the latest methods.

We guarantee our work.

Office on Main street opposite Court House, over 5 and 10 Cent Store.

The Union Dentists
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CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-:

"And so the prince married the beautiful princess and they lived happily ever after."

I had stolen up to Eliene's nursery where I found Budge and little Margaret Ann reading a fairy tale. You will remember, little book, Eliene has turned her nursery into a sort of a neighborhood nursery for her friends, and so Margaret Ann Laferty and Budge have become good pals.

"When we grow up, Margwet Ann," said Budge, who still retains the use of many superfluous W's in his conversation, "when we grow up, Margwet," he repeated, "I'm going to marry you and we'll live happily ever after."

"No, you won't and I won't and we won't," said little Margaret Ann decisively.

"Why not, Margwet?" asked Budge in a hurt voice. "You know you always play the princess when I am the prince and you will never do it when Toddy wants to be prince."

"That's only play, Budge," answered the little Irish coquette with a glance out of the tail of her eye to see how he was going to take it. "When you grow up, Budge, you've got to marry a real princess, somebody as rich as a thousand dollars—and I've only got fifty cents in my bank since we took out twenty-five to ride on the merry-go-round."

"Well," said Budge valiantly, "I'll give you a thousand dollars and then won't you play you are a princess and marry me when we get all grown up?"

"Grown up people don't play, silly," "What do they do?" asked Budge in astonishment.

"Why they work like my papa and mamma."

"Ain't my taver and mover grown up?" asked Budge.

"Why, of course, only really truly grown up folks are fathers and mothers."

"But they don't work."

"Yes, they do," said Margaret Ann. "I heard my papa say that your father was working as hard as he knew how to get elected."

"What's work?" asked Budge suddenly.

"Why, work?" Margaret Ann hesitated. Even to her quick mind the word was a stumper. "Work is something—is something you have to do when you want, almost always want, to do something else," she finished triumphantly.

"I am not going to do anything I don't want to do when I grow up," said Budge with conviction, "and I am snik to marry you." He came near

er and looked most adorably beseeching down into little Margaret Ann's face.

Budge was two inches taller than Margaret Ann and the children had been inseparable since they were old enough to go to kindergarten. Margaret was the stronger minded of the two and I wondered what would be the outcome of their being so much together.

After I had played a while with the children I heard Eliene's voice and I went downstairs to bid her goodbye.

"Do you know, dear, I heard your son and heir propose to little Margaret Ann just now?"

"The darling," exclaimed Eliene, "and was he accepted?"

"Unconditionally declined," was my answer.

"That little Irish tie is going to make many a man's heart ache," said Eliene with a sigh.

"Well, dear, I think we can paraphrase the Jap saying to 'It is better to flirt a little than to suffer heartbreak much.' I've come to bid you goodbye, however, not to talk about the children's love affairs."

"h. I am so glad you and Dick are going away."

"Why?"

"Well, I will tell you."

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(THESE DOCTORS EXPECT TOO MUCH.)—BY ALLMAN.

